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Zeupater, and the rest of the heavenly gods, I entreat you,
Make this babe like myself, the glory and strength of his country!
Make him great in valor, and Ilium's powerful ruler!
Let it hereafter be said, when he shall return from the conflict:
"He has excelled e'en his sire!" May he bring home the blood-
reeking booty

From an enemy slain, and gladden the heart of his mother!

Thus having said, he reached him to his immaculate consort,
And she received the boy to the fragrant folds of her bosom,
Smiling through her tears. But her husband, moved to compassion,
Took her by the hand, and spake, and addressed her as follows:

Do not, my dear, be harassed by too mournful forebodings about me!

Who could, before the appointed day, dispatch me to Hades?
No one has ever, I ween, escaped from his fate's stern allotment,
Be he coward or brave, after once he is born among mortals.
Hie then at once to thy home; go, and attend to thy work there!
Order thy servants to ply the task of the loom and the distaff.
It is our part, as men, to manage the business of warfare,
Mine above all, and next that of all the sons of my country.

Thus the redoubted Hector spake; then he took up his helmet,
With its shaggy crest. But his wife went quietly homeward,
Turning around now and then, while the tears gushed forth from
her eyelids.

Soon thereupon she arrived at the well-built commodious mansion,
Terrible Hector's home, where she found her many attendants
Waiting for her behest, and excited great sorrow among them.
And they lamented their Hector, throughout his home, though
alive yet;

For, they thought he would never again return from the conflict,
Nor escape from the hands of his dire foes, the Achæans.

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

VENICE, September 28, 1860.

Dear Crayon:

I write from this famous old city of the sea, where I have been remaining for the last two or three weeks. My room is on the Riva dei Schiavoni, and my windows look out on the boats, shipping, islands and forts, and away over the broad lagoons. My horizon is skirted by the shore of the Lido (where Lord Byron used to indulge in that amusement unknown in Venice—riding on horseback). The view on my right is bounded by the noble church of Santa Maria della Salute and the palaces opposite, (this is on the mouth of the grand canal, which runs like an S through the city); and on my left the public gardens, the point where the houses on the quay stop, and the trees—almost the only trees in Venice—begin. Here, from my window, I can study, draw and paint all day the picturesque fishing-boats with their strange colored sails; and at night the fishermen and gondoliers serenade me with their merry choruses.

I find the Venetians much more cheerful and gay than I had anticipated. This is doubtless owing to the light which is breaking all around them through the rest of Italy, in so marvellous a manner—and of which the wonderful Garibaldi is the herald and morning star. But the Austrian domination is too powerful and imminent to allow the slightest popular demonstration. Venice is armed to the teeth—armed against herself. The Lido is said to be lined with forts—built, to be sure, on the sand, but still forts, black with cannon. Every few mornings I observe a spiteful looking little steamer come puffing up in front of the quay, bearing in her stern a long, heavy gun, and

then rounding off again to the lagoons. She seems to say, "here I am—one of your jailers just come to take a peep at you, and see that your handcuffs are all right, and that all goes on orderly." And this morning a black floating battery has come in, and stands opposite, with her black scowl. The city swarms with the white-coated military. Almost every other man you meet is an Austrian and a soldier. Under the Doge's palace the cannon stand pointed, as they have done the last twelve years on the Piazzetta. Not the slightest demonstration is possible, and the people know it and feel it, and if their enthusiasm and their patriotism are roused by these last wonderful successes of Garibaldi, they have learned wisdom by experience, and keep their feelings to themselves.

The only pennyworths of good to be extracted out of the Austrian rule in Venice are, good music, tolerable beer, and clean streets.

One calls them streets—by courtesy. The Venetians don't dignify them with so grand a name, for it is their street canals that they are mostly proud of, and justly. The streets are simply *calle*—that is, alleys—where houses almost touch, and sunshine and fresh air seldom come.

What a strange old city it is! These alleys, though some of them have handsome shops, are generally the narrowest and gloomiest channels conceivable, and suggest the obscure, blind labyrinths which insects bore in some old wofmy log rotting by the water. Happy he who can find his way through them, and come out right—just where he intended. Steer your course as you will—take the chart of the city in your hand, you will some time or other come plump upon a canal where there is no bridge. Not that there are not plenty of bridges, but it needs an old inhabitant to detect them. You never feel sure but in a gondola. Here is safety, comfort, luxury, and oftentimes poetry, all combined. Your gondolier is the friendliest of creatures—guides you through such mysterious places, round the strangest corners, past such wonderful old decaying palaces—telling you the name of every sight worth seeing—and lands you so gently, never charging you more than a shilling over his tariff. One would like to float forever about the city on these canals. And there is a romance about the gondola which you can seldom separate from it. You can never think of it as it really is—the hackney-coach of Venice. It is moonlight and Jessica—Byron and the Doges.

And apropos to Jessica and her father—crossing the bridge of the Rialto the other day, my eye was attracted by a basket of pomegranates. Now pomegranates (though almost uneatable, being composed of acid seeds and a little juice) have a very strange oriental sound and look, but are so rare a capsule in our north, that we very seldom think of throwing money away in purchasing one. But here, in Venice—next door to the Orient—it ought to be just the thing. So here goes, cost what they may. "How much?" "About four cents a-piece." "'Tis not possible" [aside];—"where do they come from?" "Mazorbo." I don't know where Mazorbo is, but conclude it is somewhere toward Bagdad and Schiraz. With a trembling hand I give the money and pocket the beautiful fruit. (I afterwards found them for about two cents a-piece.) Such color! Surely Titian and Veronese had pomegranates growing in their gardens, and lying on their studio-tables. I bought two. One of them had a branch of the tree attached, with the leaves fresh and green. I brought them home and painted them. So much for Jessica, now for her father. It was on the Rialto—not the bridge, but the neighboring arcade—that old Shylock used to

drive his bargains. There was no Antonio there now. The merchant princes have long died out of their magnificent palaces on the canal—like some beautiful aquatic animals out of their richly-colored shells. And the shell—the palace—somewhat worn by tide and weather, is all that remains to tell of past splendor and luxury. But I had not far to look, before I discovered a trace of the old Jew. It was at a Monte di Pietà, where they were apparently selling unredeemed articles. The official who acted as auctioneer, rolled up his eyes and chanted off the bids through his nose, in the tone of a Jew praying in a synagogue. This will do, I thought, as I threaded my labyrinthian way homeward. Shylock and Jessica—the prose and the poetry of the Rialto. I have seen both, side by side.

It a very pleasant thing to watch from my window the little vessels come in and go out of the harbor. The other day a pretty little green bark came sailing in, displaying a large tri-colored flag. I thought her a Sardinian, but on inquiry, was told that she was Neapolitan. When she left Naples that city was still under the Bourbon. Before she arrived, she heard the news of Garibaldi having entered, and it was fine to see her triumphant display of her new colors in the very face of Venice. But patience, poor Venice! Your turn is coming. There is no knowing where this tremendous march of Italian revolution is to stop.

The weather has generally been fine. But gloomy days come to Venice as to more prosaic places. Bad weather is a thing not indicated in the guide books, nor suggested by Byron, Rogers, George Sand or any of the poets who have sung of her beauty. Neither is it hinted at by Titian, Canaletti, Turner, Ziem, nor any of the painters who have transferred her color and sunshine to canvas. Therefore it is particularly strange and depressing, to wake in the night and hear the Adriatic moaning, moaning beyond the Lido, as if for her long line of dead husbands, the doges; and to get up in the morning and see the color and life all washed out of the view from the windows.

I am a little surprised to see that the journals of Venice and Trieste keep back none of the political news. All Venice knows every morning just where the rest of Italy stands—I might say, just to what point the rest of Italy has moved. For Italy does not stand still nowadays. Garibaldi's wonderful progress is one incessant astonishment to Europe. Nothing in modern history is like it. Within three months, Marsala, Palermo, Messina and the whole of Sicily. Then Reggio—then Naples—this last the most glorious conquest, because entirely bloodless. Thank God, say all true men, that the accursed Bourbon dynasty is dead and buried. It can never return. They may galvanize the dead, foul corpse into some ineffectual spasmodic reaction, but they can never give it life. It is dead. A new day begins for Southern Italy. And not Naples only, but the entire Papal states must follow the tide of revolution, for Victor Emmanuel has at last unsheathed the sword, and is proceeding to annex what is left of the ecclesiastical dominions, Rome and some few neighboring towns excepted, which Louis Napoleon seems pledged to reserve as a sort of dry island for the poor pope to stand upon, amidst the general inundation of liberty which has swept over the rest of Italy.

It is needless to say what a feast I have had on the great pictures of Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and some of the other great Venetian masters. In the Academia, Titian's Assumption and the Presentation in the Temple, more than equal one's anticipation. The same may be said of his Peter Martyr, in the sacristy of the church of the Frari. At the Doge's

Palace I was enchanted with the Paul Veronese. Such voluptuous grace, yet such refined elegance in his female figures; such clear, open daylight color, yet such grandeur and breadth. Unfortunately, some of the best of them are painted on the ceilings, taxing severely one's neck and spinal column. A great many of the best pictures in Venice are in the churches, where they are so badly lit, that one can scarcely see them. A church is no place for a fine picture, for not only can it never be seen in a good light, but it must needs suffer from dampness as well as from the smoke of the candles and censers. Here the interests of religion should yield to those of art, and all the pictures of high merit should be collected together in a public gallery like the Academia.

Many of the churches are extremely interesting. There is a great variety of style in their architecture, from the elaborate Byzantine-Gothic of St. Mark's, to the severe simplicity of the Redentore, the Santa Maria della Salute, and the St. Giorgio Maggiore. St. Mark's is certainly the most singular old cathedral in the world—totally unlike anything else you ever saw. Nothing can be richer in tone and color than the façade, with its gay and quaint mosaic pictures on their ground of gold, its statues and elaborate architectural ornaments, and the oriental domes crowning the whole. So that when you enter, though you are struck with the rich Byzantine columns and arches, you find it very dark in comparison with the light and color of the exterior. The interior of the church seems almost to have suffered from an earthquake. The plastering and frescoes have peeled off in places, and the mosaic floors are as uneven as the waves of the sea. St. Mark's was, I believe, originally the chapel of the doges, and you can enter the church from the large court of the ducal palace, where you see the giant's staircase.

Everybody has heard of the pigeons of St. Mark's. Of all feathered creatures they are the happiest. If I were doomed to suffer transformation to any lower form, I should choose to be a pigeon of St. Mark's. Making their homes in the nooks and niches of that wonderful old church, protected from harm by popular superstition, fed by a private legacy, as well as by the people, they must needs live an easy and luxurious life. You meet these pigeons, not only on the Place St. Mark, but on all the open spaces and along the quays. They are so tame that they scarcely ever take the trouble to fly away at your approach, but just step out of your way at a walking pace. As the clock strikes two, in the Piazza, they fly down in flocks to be fed.

In the evenings this Piazza St. Marco is the favorite place for promenaders of the fashionable and middle classes. Under the arcades which skirt the piazza are the principal cafés of Venice, and outside of these are placed chairs and benches and tables, where the Venetians love to take their coffee and ices *al fresco*. Outside of these ranges of seats, there are always musicians, vocal and instrumental, who generally perform very well, and take for their pay whatever you choose to give them. Then three times a week a fine Austrian military band performs in the centre of the Piazza. Its selection of music is generally very good, and the performance admirable. It is always a pleasure to hear this orchestra, but the Venetians prefer keeping aloof from everything Austrian—even the music. Though this music is much of it from Italian operas, it is blown from Austrian breaths, and, therefore, has a taint to their ears; so they sip their coffee and lend only a distant hearing to it.

C. P. O.